

1848

Oh! Susanna

Stephen Collins Foster

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MUSIC OF THE
ORIGINAL

CHRISTY

MINSTRELS.

THE
OLDEST ESTABLISHED BAND

in the
United States.

AS ARRANGED AND SUNG BY THEM WITH DISTINGUISHED SUCCESS

at all their

CONCERTS.

Edwin P. Christy

Nº 1. A DARKIE'S LIFE IS ALWAYS GAY.	nett 25¢
3. WAY DOWN SOUTH IN ALABAMA	25.
5. I WISH I WAS IN OLD VIRGINNY	25.
7. DARKIES OUR MASTER'S GONE TO TOWN	25.
9. STOP THAT KNOCKING	25.
11. WE'LL HAVE A LITTLE DANCE TO NIGHT	25.
13. CYNTHIA SUE	25.
15. LUCY NEAL	25.
17. O, CARRY ME BACK TO OLD VIRGINNY.	25.

Nº 2. DANDY BROADWAY SWELL	nett 25¢
4. PHANTOM CHORUS, FROM SOMNAMBULA.	
6. POOR DINAH OR WHO STOLE THE TURKEY.	
8. OH! SUSANNA	25.
10. GIVE ME THE GAL WITH THE BLUE DRESS ON.	25.
12. UNCLE GABRIEL, THE NEGRO GENERAL	25.
14. OH! MR COON	25.
16. PICAYUNE BUTLER.	25.

NEW YORK.

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BOSTON: OLIVER DITSON.

Entered according to Act of Congress in 1848 by C. Holt Jr in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern District of New York.

L. S. Nye

OH! SUSANNA.

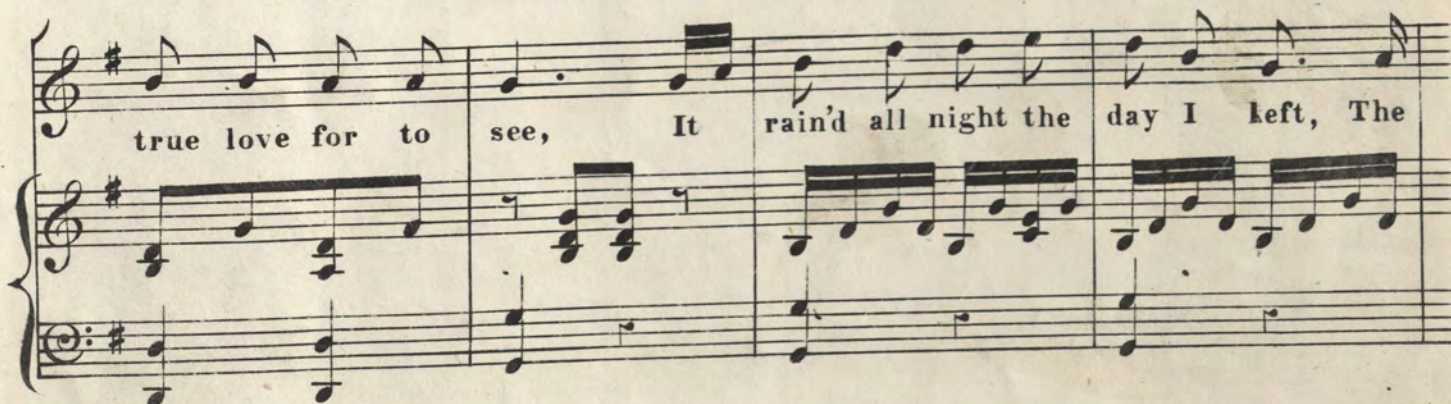
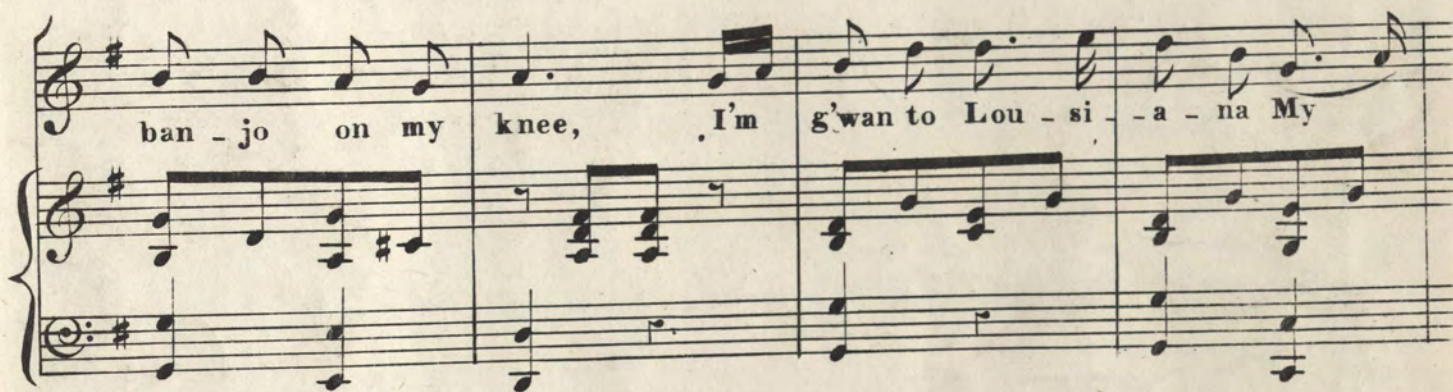
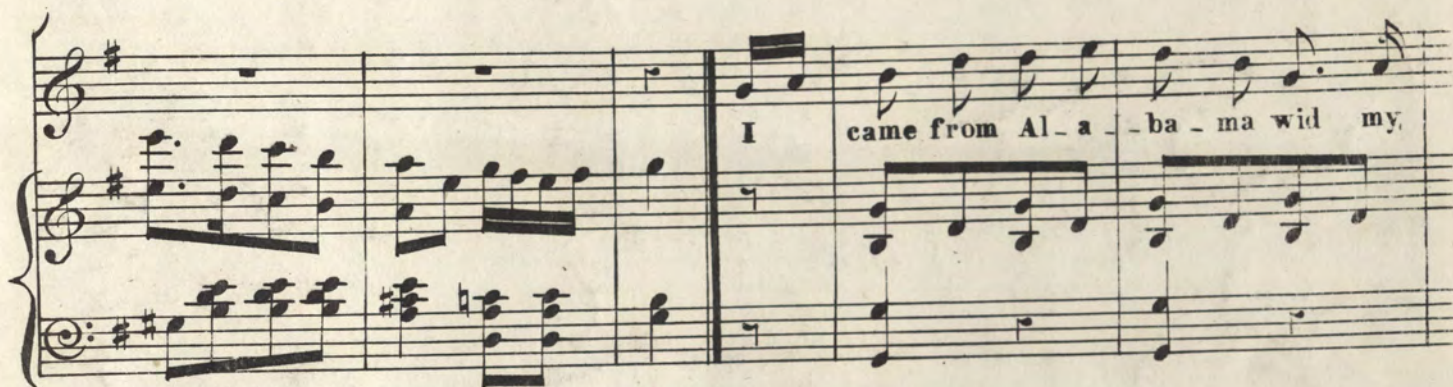
Sung by

G. N. CHRISTY,

Of the

CHRISTY MINSTRELS.

ALLEGRO.



weather it was dry, The sun so hot I

frose to death; Sus - an - na, dont you cry.

CHORUS.

1st Voice. Oh! Sus - an - na, Oh! dont you cry for me, I've

2nd Voice. Oh! Sus - an - na, Oh! dont you cry for me, I've

TENOR Oh! Sus - an - na, Oh! dont you cry for me, I've

BASS Oh! Sus - an - na, Oh! dont you cry for me, I've

PIANO FORTS

come from Al - a - ba ma, wid my ban-jo on my knee.

come from Al - a - ba ma, wid my ban-jo on my knee.

come from Al - a - ba ma, wid my ban-jo on my knee.

come from Al - a - ba ma, wid my ban-jo on my knee.

2

I jumped aboard de telegraph,
 And trabbelled down de ribber,
 De Lectrie fluid magnified,
 And killed five hundred Nigger
 De bullgine bust, de horse run off,
 I realy thought I'd die;
 I shut my eyes to hold my breath,
 Susanna, dont you ery.

Oh! Susanna- etc.

3

I had a dream de odder night
 When ebery ting was still;
 I thought I saw Susanna,
 A coming down de hill.
 The buckwheat cake war in her mouth,
 The tear was in her eye,
 Says I'm coming from de South,
 Susanna, dont you cry.

Oh! Susanna. etc.

4

I soon will be in New Orleans,
 And den Ill look all round,
 And when I find Susanna,
 Ill fall upon the ground.
 But if I do not find her,
 Dis darkie I surely die,
 And when I'm dead and buried,
 Susanna, dont you cry.
 Oh! Susanna- etc.

